With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.

Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiu'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.

Iag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkſt thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.

Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſitian.

Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of reaſon, to
ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our natures,
vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But wee haue
our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our vnbitte
I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag It is meerely a luſt of the blood, and a permi
Come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drowne Cats
pies: I profeſſe me thy friend, and I confeſſe me k
uing, with cables of perdurable toughneſſe; I co
ſteede thee then now. Put money in thy purſe; follo
defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard; I ſay p
purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long c
vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purſe,—nor h
was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee a
queſtration: put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe M
geable in their wills:—fill thy purſe with money.
him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be to him ſh
Coloquintida: She muſt change for youth; when ſ
his body, ſhee will finde the error of her choyce;
change, ſhe muſt. Therefore put money in thy pur
needs damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way
make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and
twixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*
for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enio
make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out o
thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy ioy, the
and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend
Iag. Thou art ſure of me—goe, make money—
often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the
is hearted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let vs be coniu
uenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou
pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many euents in the
which will be deliuered. Trauerſe, goe, prouide th
haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod, Where ſhall we meet i'th morning?

Iag. At my lodging.